U ME I feature film

by

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CHAPTER 1 - SAMANTHA

EXT. EKO ATLANTIC - NIGHT

A constellation of city lights sparkle. Palm trees as far as the eye can see.

This is the city L.A longs to be. **This** is the lustre Shenzen lusts after. But

This. is. Africa.

To be specific. Nigeria. Even more specific.

LAGOS - 2040

EXT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE - NIGHT

We descend on a minimalist mansion. Polished splendour. An architects wet dream.

Judging by extravagant cars parked outside, a gathering's happening.

By the hum of dull elevator music from inside

it's a dead persons' wake.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - EVENING

CLOSE UP. A SMART SECURITY CAMERA.

CUT TO -

Its POV

On the wall, a life sized PAINTING of a LADY. In a glittering dress she looks stunning -- and powerful.

PANNING ACROSS -

An opulent interior -- to the sparse crowd of Lagos rich kids. Almost everyone is phone gazing. Almost no-one of is interacting.

REM-I (O.S)
AC dey --

The voice is cute. Think Siri with a Nigerian accent. She sounds eager to please.

CUT TO -

The POV of a smart cam atop a MOTORISED TABLE serving glasses of bubbly. It moves through the 'party'.

REM-I (O.S)
Champagne has been served --

CUT TO -

A third Smart Cam slowly panning past bored faces.

REM-I (O.S)
D guests are enjoying ma.

No-one is dancing, talking or enjoying themselves.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ MASTER BED ROOM - EVENING

A framed CERTIFICATE. 'PhD' in 'Artificial Intelligence' for 'SAMANTHA AGBAKOBA'.

WIDER --

Even more stunning in real life, SAMANTHA, from the painting, eyes her wardrobe. Endless options.

REM-I
Whatever you wear madam, you will look amazing.

Samantha smiles warmly at a small PYRAMID on her dresser.

LEDs' lining it's surface, light up when Rem-i speaks. It looks like some type of lamp, but this Rem-i's hardware.

Samantha grabs something frilly and takes a seat by her bedside mirror. She stares.

But she's not looking at her reflection.

ANGLE On the mirror -

- Reveal that its' surface is actually a grid of MONITORS.

On each is a LIVE FEED of every room in the house.

Her eyes creep voyeuristically.

SAMANTHA
Remi. Volume please my darling.

Muted conversations and boring music play through speakers.

Samantha side eyes Rem-i.

SAMANTHA
This look like a 'good time' to you?

REM-I
...sorry.

Rem-i's LED flickers azure nervously. A beat.

Easing tension, Samantha's grins. Shakes her head like 'silly robot'.

She turns back to monitor. Ponders for a beat.

SAMANTHA
Ohh kay...

Going into quarterback mode -

SAMANTHA
First. Cut wifi -

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - EVENING

- A MAN fiddles with his phone. He's frustrated. Until he looks up and notices the PRETTY GIRL stood beside him. They LOCK EYES.

SAMANTHA (O.S)
-- pleeezzz change this music.

AFRO DANCE MUSIC fills the room. It sounds like Burna Boy had a child with Daft Punk.

Instant crowd response. The party bursts into life.

SAMANTHA (O.S)
Lets steam it up here --

REM-I
-- The AC ma?

SHIRT BUTTONS pop open to reveal a toned chest.

A FUR COAT drops to the floor freeing slender sexy legs.

REM-I (O.S)
Shall I change d --

SAMANTHA (O.S)
-- lights? Go for it!

Immediately the lighting in the room changes. From tasteful low evening light to the coloured glows of a night club.

The revellers dance uninhibited and care free.

CUT TO -

INT. MASTER BED ROOM - EVENING

- the live feed of the party finally looking like a party.

Relishing success, Samantha turns from the mirror.

SAMANTHA
We did it Rems!

She raise a glass of Merlot to Rem-I.

SAMANTHA
Such a shame we can't drink together.
but...

A tipsy giggle. Samantha drains the glass.

Rem-i's LED flickers RED.

Samantha refills. She goes to down it --

REM-I
Such a shame Oga isn't here to see
this...

Samantha stops mid-drink. Her glazed expression sobers for a moment.

SAMANTHA
I'm sure he's being a good host...

She finishes the rest of her glass.

SAMANTHA
But...

Back to the Mirror.

SAMANTHA
Rem-i. Display Camera 1.

An image expands. ON SCREEN; A duo do the robot dance --

SAMANTHA
2.

A COUPLE make out in a dark corner.

SAMANTHA
3.

The kitchen. A small crowd is gathered around a MAN. Everyone's in hysterics as he speaks.

SAMANTHA
Zoom in.

CLOSER. A WOMAN rests her hand on his shoulder.

REM-I
Is everything okay?

Samantha smile is tense.

SAMANTHA
It's perfect.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ KITCHEN - EVENING

Telling a story is BOLA (31, movie star handsome), he's the man we just saw. His audience's attention is rapt.

BOLA
-- So the guy tells the bartender "Boss I had a phone installed in my hand because I was tired of carrying them." But the bartender doesn't believe him. So the guy dials up a number and gives his hand to the bartender. And wouldn't you know it -- There's actually someone on the line -- on his hand!

A Smart Cam above watches Bola.

BOLA
So now the guy's flexin like "I can keep in touch with my broker, my wife, you name it..." After bragging for a moment he goes to use the toilet. He's in there, 5, 10, 20 minutes -- and he's still doesn't come out. Now the

bartenders getting worried. So he goes in to check. And get this...

Listening intently is JESSICA, (mid 20's). Her style screams 'alternative'. She's the woman Samantha spotted pawing Bola's shoulder.

BOLA
... He meets dis guy spread-eagled against the wall. His pants dey for his ankles and a roll of toilet paper is stuffed up his butt! The Bartender's like, "what happened". Then the man turns to him and says...

Samantha, now wearing a tight black number, rounds the corner and perches on the door.

BOLA
...and says...

Bola's eye glaze over as he sees her.

BOLA
(ala terminator)
I'll be back ...

He dashes past the confused crowd to Samantha.

She backs out the room and he follows, entranced.

Jessica inwardly groans.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - EVENING

As Samantha walks seductively into the room, Bola follows.

She glances over her shoulder coquettishly.

SAMANTHA
Are you following me?

Bola grins.

BOLA
No, you just remind me of someone I know.

Samantha glances up at a Smart Cam.

As she stops in the middle of the room -- soft red mood

lighting lifts.

Combined with a sensual slow jam, the vibe of the room is changed completely.

SAMANTHA
(back turned to Bola)
So who do I remind you of?

He steps forward. Holding onto her waist, he pulls her in close.

BOLA
Hmmm I'm still trying to grasp it.

They slowly sway together, their bodies in sync the way lovers bodies are.

Samantha tilts her head, exposing her bare neck. Bola sniffs.

SAMANTHA
Jogging your memory?

He closes his eyes and something washes over him.

BOLA
(eyes closed)
The love of my life wore this fragrance...the first time we made love.

She turns to face him. And smiles like he passed a test.

Face to face, they stare at one another, slow dancing.

The music sounds distant now. It's as if there is no-one in the room but them.

BOLA (O.S)
(pre-lap/weed philosophising)
Whatever happened to people just coming together and making memories together?

EXT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE - LATER

Only a couple of cars are parked outside now.

BOLA (O.S)
Fuck car assistants...

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

A diffuse layer of smoke partly obscures a SUPER THIN TV. Lower thirds on the news report;

'**Government deploys solar powered Robots to oversee voting - But are they really incorruptible?**'

BOLA (O.S)
and house assistants...

A ring of weed smoke slowly rises. Red eyed, Bola watches the puff fade into nothing.

BOLA (CONT'D)
...just people.

He passes the joint to an equally stoned Jessica.

JESSICA
Deep...

DANIEL
Deep? Puhhleez.

Bulldozing the tranquility with blunt energy; DANIEL, wispy, excitable, springs forward.

DANIEL
I can talk to my phone and in a few words I can find a taxi, a hotel or even -- a woman. These are revolutionary times.

JESSICA
You getting laid is revolutionary.

Daniel snatches the spliff from her. Turns to Bola.

DANIEL
What I was trying to say is --

He takes a puff. Points to the TV.

DANIEL
(mouth full of smoke)
...solar robots for the elections?
Tech...improving...naija.

He finally exhales.

Bola eyes the TV screen. He looks uneasy.

ON SCREEN: Humanoid robots march down a Nigerian street. Their movements are stilted, very 'unhuman'.

BOLA
Give me a corrupt human cop over a corrupt robocop any day.

Daniel offers the spliff to Bola. He waves it on.

JESSICA
Daniel may have a point.

DANIEL
(mock shock)
You disagreeing with Bola?

Staring daggers at Daniel, she grabs the spliff.

JESSICA
Technology has been the major tool...

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rem-i's LED glows AIRFORCE BLUE. A drone loads the dishwasher. It closes automatically and turns on by itself.

JESSICA (O.S)
...in liberating the African woman.

At the dining table Samantha sits by an empty bottle. She tilts the last bit of wine into her mouth.

REM-I
The house is 95 percent clean. What else would you like me to attend to?

Sudden laughter booms from the living room. Samantha spins to attention. She's gone for a moment...

REM-I
Ma?

...coming back.

SAMANTHA
No...I mean nothing...

She stands, slightly unsteadily. After a moment, she gathers herself.

SAMANTHA
You can turn off now. Leave me to take out the trash.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Finishing her speech --

JESSICA
Women have more options that ever, so you guys need to tread carefully o, we will walk.

DANIEL
Walk where? You women love the D too much!

JESSICA
We have 'alternatives'--that last longer than most of you and unlike most men they're easier to get rid of -- just take out the batteries.

DANIEL
You'll be singing a different tune when the sex robots replace you all!

JESSICA
Only loser men screw dolls

DANIEL
Yeah cus your 'alternatives' are so much different...

The bickering dials down as Bola, weed-glazed, gazes at the painting of Samantha.

He smiles --

Daniel breaks him out of his haze.

DANIEL
-- but am I not right bro? In this brave new world, men have the upperhand?

A beat. Bola's eyes still locked on the painting.

BOLA
Hmmm...I don't think either of us need to 'win'...men, women, we don't need

sex toys or sex robots, we just need...each other.

Daniel throws his hands up in the air in protest. Jessica swoons.

She traces Bola's gaze to the painting.

JESSICA
You painted that Bola? It's amazing.

Bola doesn't avert his gaze.

BOLA
I try...but could never come close to the real thing.

JESSICA
(Wistfully)
...that's beautiful.

For a split second Jessica's looking at Bola like how he looks at the painting --

Samantha drops herself into Bola's lap. Blocking Jessica's view.

Quickly, Jessica ashes the spliff.

BOLA
(to Samantha)
Hey Beautiful.

JESSICA
(to Samantha)
I was just about to say how great your relationship is.

Samantha smiles as her arms tentacle around Bola neck.

SAMANTHA
(Whispers to Bola)
Baybeee, I think it's your bedtime.

Without turning his gaze from Samantha --

BOLA
Sorry guys, I have to be tucked in.

Gazing into each others eyes, Samantha and Bola's sexual tension is palpable. And exclusive.

It's an uncomfortable beat. For Jessica.

She springs out of her seat.

JESSICA
Ok, I guess we'll be ermmm going.

Samantha smirks.

SAMANTHA
(false concern)
...so soon?!

JESSICA
Well -- it's late and I've got work and -- Daniel will you drop me?

He lazily stands.

DANIEL
See you at work tomorrow Bola?

Without turning to look, Bola nods.

DANIEL
Enjoy your night bro.

Lips locked, Samantha and Bola kiss passionately. They look ready to ravish each other.

The door shuts --

Samantha hops off his lap.

A beat.

BOLA
Sam?

SAMANTHA
Sure. Just a little curious...about your conversation...what we're you talking about?

BOLA
Random shit like tech, sex, how Nigeria could be a utopia...But I've talked enough already.

He goes to pounce. She backs off.

SAMANTHA
No. I meant the conference you were conducting in the kitchen. Looked hilarious...judging how the 'alternative chick' --

BOLA
Jessica.

SAMANTHA
Yes, her. She was laughing her head off.

Bola's smile fades.

BOLA
How much did you have?

She glares back.

SAMANTHA
Seriously?

She picks up the spliff. Presents it like evidence.

BOLA
It's a one-off...with friends.

SAMANTHA
The only friend I recognised was Daniel.

BOLA
And now we get to the point.

She kisses her teeth. Bola sees he's offended her. He's immediately sorry.

She walks.

BOLA
Babes we can't run off whenever we get into an argument.

Bola stops her.

BOLA
What will the kids say?

SAMANTHA
The kids?

BOLA
When you're...I mean when 'we're' ready to have them of course.

She turns away.

SAMANTHA
Bola I'm not in the mood.

BOLA
But Sam, this is something we should - -

SAMANTHA
Not now!

An awkward, tense beat.

BOLA
I'm going to bed.

He goes to walk -- Samantha bursts past him -- in a hurry!

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ TOILET - LATE NIGHT

Knelt by a toilet, Samantha vomits violently into the basin. Above her, Bola rubs her back.

She comes up for a few moments respite. Then her body convulses and she heaves again.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

CLOSE UP Samantha lays in bed squeezing her eyelids tight. Battling to stay asleep.

A sudden shaft of light hits her face. She winces.

The BLINDS above her part and BLAST the room with daylight.

Rem-i's LED flickers yellow.

REM-I
(chipper)
Good morning Madam.

Samantha groans.

CUT

Slumped at the edge of her bed, Samantha nurses the Godzilla

of hangover headaches.

In her lap is the framed certificate of her AI degree.

She catches her reflection in the glass and looks away in shame.

REM-I
Ma your cortisol dey low and your blood sugar dey high. I would advise you get some sun --

Samantha waves away Rem-i's concern.

SAMANTHA
I don't need sun...

She reaches between the certificate paper and the back board of the frame and pulls out -

SAMANTHA
What I **need**...

- A BABY SCAN PHOTO.

SAMANTHA
...is to forget.

She looks at the black and white picture with melancholy.

Her eyes water. But she catches herself. She's not alone.

Turning to Rem-i's pyramid she forces a smile.

SAMANTHA
Did you make sure Bola ate before work?

REM-I
...sorry. Oga said he was not hungry.

SAMANTHA
Hmmm...

Shaking off her cobwebs she shuffles over to her mirror.

In her reflection Samantha observes darkly circled eyelids. Signs of the night before. She sighs.

REM-I
Ma, you grow finer with each day.

A momentary smile. It fades.

SAMANTHA
Rem-i. Roaming camera please.

A loading circle pops up on the mirror's surface -- then a small monitor fills the mirror.

Samantha leans in with intrigue.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

Glasses on and focused. Samantha dictates to a razor thin LAPTOP. It's connected by a wire to Rem-i's Pyramid.

Samantha speaks with blistering speed.

SAMANTHA
Idenprof, forward slash, forward slash, train...

On screen; Lines of code appear as she speaks.

SAMANTHA
...forward slash, Plantain, forward slash forward slash, plantain ski--

SAMANTHA'S MOTHER (O.S)
So let me see, you've been married just under 11 months.

Besides Samantha, another laptop.

SAMANTHA
Yes mother -- *Indenprof, forward slash, forward slash --*

SAMANTHA'S MOTHER (O.S)
And I still haven't met your husband's family.

SAMANTHA
Mom, I told you what happened to them (ramps up speed) -- *forward slash, forward slash --*

SAMANTHA'S MOTHER (O.S)
Fine but it feels like you are hiding him from us.

SAMANTHA
Mom I'm not hiding anything --
Plantain, forward slash, forward slash, plantain skin!

SAMANTHA'S MOTHER
Samantha!

Her mothers' sharp tone makes Samantha go rigid.

She takes a deep breath and turns to the other LAPTOP.

On screen is SAMANTHA's MOTHER. She emanates a stern but quiet authority.

SAMANTHA
Sorry Mom. I am listening.

SAMANTHA'S MOTHER
Good. Because we know that's never been your strong suit.

Samantha buries the burn with a smile.

SAMANTHA
So you are looking well. How is father?

SAMANTHA'S MOTHER
Marriage is not easy and you need as much help as you can get.

Samantha sighs.

SAMANTHA
Mom we are doing fine. Honestly.

SAMANTHA'S MOTHER
So why is your house still empty?

She lets the question hang.

Samantha's face tenses.

SAMANTHA'S MOTHER
Do you know what people will be saying?

SAMANTHA
(under her breath)
No, but I'm sure you'll tell me.

Samantha's mother's eyes narrow. She caught it.

SAMANTHA'S MOTHER
Ok. If you don't want my advice. I'm just the person who raised you. Sacrificed so you could get to the position that you are in but what do I know.

SAMANTHA
No Mom -- Look, I'm not saying that -- I just...we've been busy.

The sound of a car pulling up. Samantha glances offscreen. Suddenly she's on edge.

SAMANTHA'S MOTHER
Busy? That's an excuse my dear. Look I have been with your father for 40 years now. One thing I can tell you is excuses will get you nowhere. Is that what you want?

Samantha's attention is on the door.

SAMANTHA
Yes Mom.

Her mother is exasperated.

SAMANTHA'S MOTHER
See what I say about listening. Maybe I will have better luck talking to that husband of yours, where is he --

Abruptly, Samantha slams the laptop shut.

She unplugs Rem-i's pyramid from the other laptop port.

Rem-i's LED turns on. It glows azure.

REM-I
Afternoon Madam.

SAMANTHA
Rem-i I have a task for you. I've just uploaded a stack to your --

The door opens. Samantha springs to attention.

SAMANTHA
(saccharine)
Heyyy baybee. How was your day?

BOLA
Cool.

She rushes to take his jacket.

SAMANTHA
Soooo do you wanna know what I did today?

Bola couldn't look more disinterested.

SAMANTHA
I learned a new programming language.

Without turning to look at her, Bola walks into the kitchen.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ KITCHEN - DAY

He heads to the fridge. Samantha comes in from behind.

SAMANTHA
It's like a vocal version of Python 2000x and was originally used for weaponry but...

Bola's still silent as he takes a bowl of ice water from the fridge.

SAMANTHA
Basically, Rem-i can now cook your favourite.

An empty PLATE sits in a DEVICE. It looks like a high tech microwave.

SAMANTHA
Rem-i, cook the fried plantain and beans.

On the 3D PRINTER/ OVEN, a blue light turns on. The plate begins to spin.

BOLA
Please Rem-i, I'm not hungry.

The plate stops spinning. The blue light turns off.

SAMANTHA
You've been working all day, Remi continue.

The plate spins.

BOLA
Rem-i, I'm good.

The plate stops spinning.

SAMANTHA
But Bola --

A cold look from Bola stops her in her tracks.

REM-I
Sa?

BOLA
Rem-i, do what you want.

He calmly walks away.

REM-I
...I do not understand.

Alone with Rem-i Samantha shrieks in frustration.

REM-I
Ma, do you still require the food?

Ignoring her, Samantha storms off.

The 3D printer/Oven's LED flickers in confusion.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Sat under the soft glow of an orange lamp, Bola flicks through a thick HARDBACK.

Aerial PHOTOS of the Nigerian landscape -- sparkling springs, magnificent mountains, rolling hills -- dazzle his eyes.

Bola gazes with an almost erotic longing.

CLOSE UP a SMART CAM above watching him.

CUT TO -

The Smart Cam POV. It lingers over Bola's book.

REMI-I
Oga Bola, I have a message for you. It is from Madam Samantha.

He takes a moment. Considers it.

BOLA
Okay...

A beat. The message loads up.

REM-I
Bola, my love, my dear, do you remember when we first met...

INT. MASTER BED ROOM - NIGHT/FLASHBACK

Sombre moonlight pours through the window.

SAMANTHA
(cont'd)
...it was dry season in Cape Town, I was by the front of the cafe, typing, back when I used to type. Even though I was working, I had on the cutest polka dot summer dress with the Balenciaga shades.

Snuggled up to billowing piles of white Chinese silk, Samantha dictates to Rem-i.

SAMANTHA
And from nowhere this explorer looking guy in a vest and cargo shorts starts walking my way. And I think to myself, he looks like trouble...but he's cute.

A smirk as she reminisces.

SAMANTHA
And you extended your hand out to me and do you remember the first thing you said to me...

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Bola has put the book down, paying full attention. He's no longer in the room, *he's in the memory*...

BOLA/SAMANTHA (O.S)/ REM-I
Would you hold this for me while I go

for a walk?

REM-I
(to herself)
That is wonderful.

BOLA
What's that?

REM-I
Nothing Sa. Shall I continue?

Bola nods.

Rem-i proceeds. But she's no longer reading a dictation. Emotion bleeding into every single word.

REM-I
And we did go for that walk. You even told my driver that he could go home, that I would be safe with you. I let him leave because I knew I could trust you...even back then. And we spoke for hours about movies, politics, religion and...our dreams. And when we got to the end of our walk I asked you...

INT. MASTER BED ROOM - NIGHT/FLASHBACK

SAMANTHA
...has that line ever worked on anyone ever before?

Samantha hugs up to her pillow.

SAMANTHA
And you said...

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

BOLA/SAMANTHA
...When you agreed to marry me, it would have...

Bola looks up at the door.

REM-I
(heartfelt)
Baybee I love you and...

INT. MASTER BED ROOM - NIGHT

Samantha stares wistfully out of the window.

SAMANTHA (O.S)
...I'm sorry.

Alone, in the massive bed she looks tiny.

BOLA (O.S)
Sam.

Her breath stops. She spins to see Bola at the doorway.

BOLA
I had forgotten that line.

She pops out of bed. Runs up and leaps into Bolas' arms.

CLOSE ON their faces. Gazing. Noses nearly touching.

Bola lowers her onto the bed.

They kiss heavily, passionately. A moment of heavy petting and then....

...the sound of Bola's belt buckle being undone.

Samantha looks up with sexy mischief.

SAMANTHA
Sooo...am I forgiven?

He smiles as she snakes her arms around him, ready for the ride.

Bola slowly rocks forward on top of her...a gasp from Samantha.

Rem-i's LED turns from azure to a sensual SCARLET.

CLOSE UP as a PINHOLE CAMERA appears on Rem-i's pyramid surface.

CUT TO -

- The pinhole cameras' POV

The image of lovemaking has becomes snapshots. Rem-i's POV is sneaking candid photos of the couple in bed.

Teeth bites lip... Eye dilates...Fingers dig in skin and together

as one,

they moan.

But their love-making sounds become something else.

It's as if their cries of pleasure were passed through an electronica filter

And now they sound digital, like computer distortion.

INT. MASTER BED ROOM - LATER

Samantha sleeps peacefully, her arms draped across Bolas' chest.

Bola's wide awake. He stares at the whirring fan above. A moment of quiet contemplation.

Then, ever so gently, he lifts Samantha's arm off his chest.

A quick glance back -- she's still sleeping. He slips on his boxers and heads out of the room.

It's silent, save for the rotating fan. Then --

One of Samantha's eyes open.

EXT. EKO ATLANTIC STREETS - DAY

Beads of sweat race down Samantha's forehead as she jogs.

The people traffic blur into the background. She's focused, in her own world.

Her phone rings.

She stops and tries to catch her breath before she answers.

EXT. EKO ATLANTIC STREETS/ BENCH - DAY

Samantha is sat on the public bench staring at her phone.

On screen is Samantha's friend, MOFE. Her house is luxurious -- even more so than Samantha's.

She's in the middle of chaperoning a kids party. Pre teens dashing back and forth. She's getting flustered.

MOFE
Urgh, Sam, honestly I don't know how anyone does this without a house assistant -- our one hasn't been working since we got back -- I mean can HA's get a virus?

SAMANTHA
Not that I know of but it --

MOFE
(offscreen)
Hey Michael. Yes you Michael -- get away from there!

She turns back to Samantha.

MOFE
Well that's good, the amount we paid for the subscription -- gold package no less -- it shouldn't get sick -- that's why we replaced our human house help for heavens sake.

She groans as she picks up a toy from the ground.

MOFE
Anyway babe, enough about me, how did the party go, any interesting attendants -- Sorry I missed it!

SAMANTHA
It was great. We had like everyone there really.

MOFE
Shame though, if James would have known earlier he would have invited some artists, they could have performed -- you know how his network is sha.

SAMANTHA
Well...it was great anyway.

MOFE
I'll be at the next one I promise -- but Cape Verde was beautiful -- well I guess the hotel was. Do you know how much James spent -- exec suite in the Hilton. You guys should go, you

haven't been on holiday since the honeymoon no?

SAMANTHA
Yeah, I mean Bola's really busy with this new promotion and all.

MOFE
I remember when James was still employed. It's hard when you're not your own boss.

Samantha's face tightens.

SAMANTHA
Getting time off as a manager at a multinational can be tricky.

Mofe reads Samantha's energy.

MOFE
Yeah...of course babe.

An awkward beat.

SAMANTHA
So how are you guys doing?

MOFE
Couldn't be better. I mean James works alot -- but business is really good for us. Yeah we're good.

SAMANTHA
Great.

MOFE
Cool.

Another awkward moment.

SAMANTHA
Sooo...look at this.

Samantha unzips her jogging suit to reveal a diamond encrusted heart shaped pendant.

MOFE
Did Bola get that for you?

SAMANTHA
Yup, 5 Carrats.

MOFE
Aww that's so --

A sudden angry look on her face.

MOFE
(to someone offscreen)
OLU WILL YOU SIT DOWN RIGHT NOW!!!
(back to Samantha) that's wonderful.

SAMANTHA
Yeah he gave it to me during a candle lit dinner.

MOFE
Awww...I'm trying to train James to do romantic gestures like that.

SAMANTHA
Well I'm sure James has his own style?

MOFE
Your Bola - the way he looks at you -- if you weren't a woman of science, I would say you're using some Juju on that man.

Samantha chuckles a bit too hard.

SAMANTHA
Definitely not

MOFE
Well then Sam, what's your secret.

Samantha shrugs.

SAMANTHA
...I don't know...I guess it's just spending time together and ...

INT. MASTER BED ROOM - NIGHT/FLASHBACK

SAMANTHA
...trusting each other.

Back to Samantha, head rested on the pillow, staring at the door that Bola just walked out of.

The sound of the fan rotates like her mind.

Careful not to make a sound, she sits upright.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT/FLASHBACK

Samantha's BARE FEET creep down the dimly lit hallway.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT/ FLASHBACK

She stops at the doorframe.

As Samantha looks on her demeanour darkens.

Off Samantha's look; Bola is sat, facing a blank wall.

His eyes are vacant. In between them a purple GEM rests on his third eye.

CLOSE ON the gem

It's made out of moonstone like material. Glowing MICRO CIRCUITRY pulses inside.

As if he's dreaming, Bola's pupils flutter under his eyelids.

Samantha purses her lips tensely.

MATCH CUT

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ BATHROOM - DAY

Samantha purses her lips tensely. Applies blood red lipstick like it's war paint.

A quiet whirr as the Smart cam turns towards her.

Smart cam POV - watching her.

INT. MASTER BED ROOM - DAY

Samantha tip toes with a pair of heels dangling from her hands. At the exit, she looks back. Bola is still sleeping.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

Samantha slips into the heels. Buttons a black pant suit. Slides on Gucci shades. Power dressing.

REM-I
Morning Ma. Leaving so early? Do you

need me a taxi?

Samantha shakes her head as she takes one final glance in the mirror.

REM-I
Where should I tell Oga you have gone?

SAMANTHA
The gym.

She marches out of the house.

REM-I
But ma. Your gym bag is still --

The door closes quietly.

EXT. EKO HOTEL - DAY

A Black G WAGON pulls up to the plush hotel.

Samantha steps out of the car and waves the driver on.

She approaches the concierge. After a brief exchange he hands her a room key.

INT. EKO HOTEL/ BUSINESS SUITE - DAY

Samantha gazes at the ocean through ceiling to floor windows. A moment of stillness.

KNOCK KNOCK

She turns to answer the door. Before she opens it she pauses.

She takes out her phone, turns it off an places it on the dresser.

The front door opens to reveal an attractive MAN (mid 50's). He smiles at Samantha. She smiles back.

EXT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/GARDEN - DAY

Hellish heat. A topless Bola performs burpees in the lush yard. He doesn't slow down or get tired. He's like a machine.

From behind the kitchens' sliding glass door, Samantha stands watching him. A regretful look on her face.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ KITCHEN - DAY

Samantha watches the faucet running into a sink filled with ice cubes. She takes a towel, dips it into the water and wrings it slightly.

She turns to Bola, who is sitting on a chair panting, out of breath.

First she wipes his forehead, then his back and then she drapes the ice cold towel across his chest, hugging him from behind as she does.

Samantha places her head on his back and closes her eyes. His breathing is hoarse and weary. It sounds like a gas pump.

Bola's hand reaches for the counter table. Finds an ASTHMA INHALER. He sucks deeply.

As Samantha hears his breath ease she smiles ruefully.

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

It's magic hour. The passionately red horizon reflects in the undulating ocean. It's a moment made for lovers.

But as Samantha and Bola sit under a verandah, she pokes at a seafood platter, while he scribbles on paper, focused.

SAMANTHA
I think Mofe's going to get a divorce.

Bola murmurs a response.

SAMANTHA
She's pretends, but she's not happy. I don't even know if she knows but I do.

She looks at Bola, still scribbling.

SAMANTHA
People are like that, always running a separate program to distract them from what's right in front of them.

BOLA
(not looking up)
Really?

SAMANTHA
Yeahhh and she just had a 2nd kid.

BOLA
(Still staring at his paper)
That's a problem?

SAMANTHA
Just feel that maybe she feels a little...unappreciated (re; his side of the platter) You haven't eaten.

Bola nods. Samantha picks up her cutlery again. A beat. She drops it.

She turns to look at the SETTING SUN.

SAMANTHA
It's just sad...when couples forget ...and end up living in the shadows of who they once were.

Finally Bola looks up. With a stoic expression he slides her the PAPER he's been focused on.

She turns it over to see

A PORTRAIT of her, right now, at this moment. It's so detailed that it could be a photo.

BOLA
I could never take you for granted.

He holds onto her hands. Her hazel eyes meets his and she melts.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

Samantha holds the purple GEM we saw earlier.

She brings it towards her forehead and lets go. But it doesn't drop.

It hovers in the air.

Then

a sudden CRACKLE of electricity. And it lodges onto her third eye like a magnet.

An automated voice

NEURO-CONNEX ADMIN (O.S)
Welcome to Neuro-connex admin. Please

select the page you wish to open.

Samantha swipes in the air then stops.

She stares ahead unblinkingly with trance-like eyes.

CUT TO -

SAMANTHA'S POV;

A hovering HOLOGRAPHIC WEBPAGE superimposed atop of her living room.

The page's header reads 'CHOOSE YOUR BABY'S DADDY'.

Beneath this are circular thumbnails of different MEN.

Like Tinder, each guy in this parade smiles more than the last. Trying to be appealing.

Her eyes scan the selections, each with a profile...African, European, Asian, Athlete, Biologist...Architect.

She bites her lip.

Her finger hovers as the moment of decision hangs.

Then instead of selecting a man, Samantha swipes the screen away.

She pokes her pointer at the 'HISTORY' tab. From the drop down boxes she selects 'THURSDAY - 3:44 am'.

She waits with baited breath as a new screen loads.

A thumbnail of a POLAR BEAR.

Samantha stares with curiosity.

After she selects the thumbnail, it expands into a video.

It's an advert;

It opens on the image of a frozen landmass. A warm American narrators voice comes in.

NARRATOR
Presenting our North Pole experience. Have you ever wanted to getaway from everything and visit the other side of the world, well --

Samantha snatches the gem of her forehead.

She stares at the blank wall ahead. Her mind is races.

INT. MASTER BED ROOM - DAY

Samantha bursts into the room.

She storms up to her mirror.

SAMANTHA
Rem-i

The LED on the Pyramid lights up.

SAMANTHA
Bring up roaming camera records.

Rem-i's azure light flickers with uncertainty.

SAMANTHA
Rem-i?

REM-I
...you requested I lock these records.

Samantha glares at the dongle.

REM-I
As you wish.

On the mirror, a series of thumbnails appear on screen. They are all timed and dated. A history log.

SAMANTHA
One more thing.

REM-I
Yes?

SAMANTHA
Go to sleep.

Rem-i's LED dims.

Samantha taps the first thumbnail. It expands into a video.

It's someones' **point of view,** staring at a fan spinning on the ceiling.

The POV then tilts down to Samantha, sleeping peacefully.

This is Bola's point of view, from the previous night.

He removes Samantha's hands from his chest, slides off the bed and moves to the door.

An audibly excited breath as Bola's POV walks down the hallway. He gets to the living room then --

WHITE NOISE.

Samantha tilts her head in confusion.

She opens the next video.

From a previous day. Through Bola's POV he stares at himself in the mirror as he brushes his hair.

He turns to open the door and -- the WHITE NOISE.

Dry throated, Samantha swallows. She shifts uncomfortably.

Selects another video -- WHITE NOISE. Another -- WHITE NOISE.

Her panic ERUPTS, overwhelming her as she swipes at the videos in paroxysm. Video after video, white noise after white noise.

INT/EXT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The front door swings open. Bola, tie loosened with an alcohol-happy look on his face, practically skips in.

He plumps himself on the couch beside Samantha.

She is staring into a COMPACT MAKE UP MIRROR. Dusting around her eyes.

BOLA
Hey Angel-face!

She doesn't turn from her mirror.

SAMANTHA
(cold)
You're late.

BOLA
I was at a work --

He spots an empty WINE BOTTLE beside her.

BOLA
-- I'm gonna go get something to eat.

Bola stands up unsteadily.

SAMANTHA
Look Bols, when you hide from me it hurts...it hurts....

She turns from the mirror. Her eyes are red. Mascara has run. She's been crying.

SAMANTHA
....it's like your'e killing me.

She waits for Bola's response. But he smirks and turns his back on her.

A flash of rage.

SAMANTHA
(under her breath)
...Just like you killed your parents.

It lands like a gut punch. Bola swallows the sudden anger. Tries to breathe and stay calm.

But he's struggling.

He steadies himself by the couch. Waits for it to pass.

His face tenses.

A beat and then --

He dashes to the cabinet. Searches shelves. His breath is faltering.

Samantha springs up. Rushes to him.

SAMANTHA
I...I didn't mean that.

Bola ignores her, scrambling.

SAMANTHA
Bola, what's wrong?

His voice is hoarse.

BOLA
-- inhaler.

Frantic now, Bola looks under the couch.

Samantha reaches out to him.

Bola lashes out. Pushes her hands away.

BOLA
J -- just leave me!

He staggers upright.

Bloodshot eyes dart around the room.

SAMANTHA
Bola?

He paces to the exit.

SAMANTHA
Don't walk away from me.

Ignoring her, he stomps into the hallway.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/HALLWAY - DAY

Approaching the MASTER BEDROOM with speed.

SAMANTHA
BOLA!!!

Bola reaches for the bedroom DOOR HANDLE.

SAMANTHA
(commanding)
2-15-12-1 go to sleep!!!

Bola's HAND stops, suspended above the knob. Sudden paralysis. He doesn't move.

HE CAN'T MOVE.

The handle drifts away from Bola's outstretched hand.

On the bed is his INHALER.

Frozen in terror, CIRCUITRY pulses under his skin. A LOGO made from Japanese characters appears over Bola's PUPILS.

蒼

Samantha stands in front of Bola, gripping the MAKE UP MIRROR. Her head is hung low. She's unable to look at him.

SAMANTHA
I...I don't like doing this.

On the make up mirrors' surface is a DISPLAY INTERFACE.

A series of thumbnails labelled with dates and times. Atop the display is the title '**MEMORIES**'.

Samantha touches a few of the boxes, highlighting them.

As her hand hovers over '**DELETE**' a warning message pops up;

'**EXCESSIVE MEMORY DELETION CAN IMPAIR MACHINE'S FUNCTIONS**'

Samantha stares at it.

Bola whimpers out a restricted tense noise. It sounds like a plea he's unable to vocalise.

SAMANTHA
I love you.

She sighs deeply. Then presses DELETE.

ON SCREEN: '**Shutting down system to format**'

Bola's pupils sink to black.

CHAPTER 2 - BOLA

Black Screen. A confused voice ruminates.

BOLA (O.S)
Hello...

Who said that...

Me.

It sounds like the voice is submerged under the ocean.

BOLA (O.S)
Who is...Me?

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY/ FLASHBACK

A pair of EYES eyes shoot open. They belong to Bola.

For a moment his vision is a blur, a blob of nothing.

Then Pupils WHIRRR and the blur becomes a complex, clinically white laboratory.

Bola scans his surroundings frantically -- Computers, Men in HAZMAT SUITS hover around, a SYMBOL on the door.

蒼 - SORA-NET

SAMANTHA (O.S)
2-15-12-1.

As if by remote control his eyes swivel and land on

Samantha. In spectacles and a lab coat, she's a younger nerdier Samantha.

For a moment Bola is in a stupor, like a video game avatar waiting to be chosen.

SAMANTHA
Let's begin with your passion in life.
What is it?

Sudden emotion floods Bola's face. Too fast to be authentic.

BOLA
Maan...I love being outdoors in the
wilderness around nature.

SAMANTHA
Tell me about an experience.

His eyes go distant. Processing more than remembering.

BOLA
I'm near the summit of a mountain but as I try to press myself up, a rock dislodges and my grip falters. Suddenly I'm dangling...5000 metres in the air!

SAMANTHA
And how did you feel?

BOLA
At first I felt fear....Then I realised it was a test.

SAMANTHA
Of?

BOLA
How much I was ready to fight for the life I wanted.

Samantha stands over Bola. A look of mischief in her eyes.

SAMANTHA
Sooo...where was this mountain?

BOLA
It was...

Confusion swells.

BOLA
Where was...

SAMANTHA
2-15-12-1, Where did you learn to climb? At school?

Uncannily Bola snaps into a completely new emotion. Morose.

BOLA
They didn't do those sort of things in the boarding school I attended. They didn't do much good at all in that place to be honest.

SAMANTHA
Well there must be one good memory about your school.

Bola blinks rapidly, processing again.

BOLA
There was this one time -- my seniors had decided they wanted to beat me -- I can't remember why. But being the church boy I was then, I went and told teacher. Big mistake. The seniors decided now instead of beating me they were going to KILL ME.

SAMANTHA
Terrible.

BOLA
I was so scared I slept in the bushes for a few nights -- getting bitten by mosquitos and whatever else was there.

He winces at the 'memory'.

BOLA
But then Mama, the action lady, found out. She was like "who are dese people to threaten my son". Next thing Mama Adeyemi storms the school looking for the bullies. She found some. Picked up a big stone. And started hurling it at them. They thought she was crazy and started running away. She wasn't crazy though she just...

He trails off.

SAMANTHA
Loved you? Where is your mother now?

Averting his gaze, he fixates on the men in HAZMAT SUITS. They look inhuman.

BOLA
What are they?

SAMANTHA
Stay focused -- your mother.

He tries to take a deep breath --

BOLA
-- What is this place?

SAMANTHA
2-15-12-1 --

BOLA
I don't want to talk about her.

SAMANTHA
Why not?

BOLA
I just don't!

SAMANTHA (O.S)
Because she's **dead?** Because they're both **dead**?

BOLA
(choking)
I -- I can't -- breathe.

SAMANTHA
No-one could have predicted the plane crash.

BOLA
I need to leave this place --

Eyes bloodshot now.

SAMANTHA
Just cus they died coming to see you doesn't make it your fault.

Bola's eyes dart around --

Pin lights -- computers -- servers rush by! Then a MIRROR. Bola catches his reflection.

Horror fills his face.

REVAL he's a DECAPITATED HEAD on a wheeled table.

His neck is synthetic. A complex carbon structure. <u>But he has no body.</u>

The sight is nightmarish.

Bola is panicking, spluttering and abut to --

SAMANTHA
2-15-12-1 pause.

Instantly Bola stops and becomes expressionless. He stares ahead blankly.

Slow clapping.

A MAN kneels down to meet Bolas' POV. He's DR FORD, the same man Samantha met at the hotel.

DR FORD
When you joined our graduate program I knew you were bright, but this is exceptional!

Staring down the lens in awe --

DR FORD
Even now, there's something in it's eyes...what was the breakthrough?

SAMANTHA
Well Sir, we were using memory as the data stack, initially we were focused on volume. But then I had the epiphany. What if I focused not on what he...it remembers, but what it forgets...?

DR FORD
Go on.

SAMANTHA
Trauma sir, deeply embedded trauma. We created a partition in its' storage which would hold its' most painful memories. So normally the system would not have access to these memories, it would have 'forgotten' them. But these forgotten memories would come to form not only it's greatest fears but also it's greatest desires. The 2 factors that drive all human behaviour.

An impressed looking Ford turns back to Samantha.

FORD
Well it's a definitely pass from me. But Samantha taking on custody is a big decision.

Samantha's stares back at Bola.

SAMANTHA
I have dedicated 5 years of my life to this system, I know **him** better than anybody...

She turns to Ford.

FORD
While legally under your custody, it's still the property of to Sora-Net. Anything goes wrong, one call and we'll send a team in to dismantle it.

SAMANTHA
Of course sir.

FORD
And I'll need regular psych reports. We'll get the engineers to put in a failsafe to restrict it moving outside the perimeter of Lagos State. That restriction will remain, until I, based upon your reports feel happy to expand its area of operation.

Samantha nods eagerly.

FORD
Contracts' are on my desk, so lets get them signed.

As they leave Bolas' eye twitches. He's staring at the logo on the glass door and the weird looking men in hazmat suits.

FORD (O.S)
By the way, do you have a name for him?

SAMANTHA (O.S)
Ermmm I'm think I'm going to call him...

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - EVENING/ PRESENT DAY

SAMANTHA (O.S)
(pre-lap)
...Bola.

A circle of CANDLES surround Bola as he's lays, zombie like,

on the floor.

His torso is naked and in the centre of his bare chest is a HOLE, or more specifically, a PORT.

From the port, a WIRE connects to Samanthas' make up mirror.

Rem-is' pyramid sits on the table. No LED light, which means she's been turned off.

Dressed in lingerie Samantha lowers herself onto Bola's supine body.

The orange light throws a SHADOW of her straddling him on the wall.

Samantha closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

Then in a commanding, 'incantation-like' voice, she begins.

SAMANTHA
variable list append parameters...Emotions.

ON THE MIRROR: Arcane code flickers like occult symbols.

SAMANTHA
*variable list append parameters dash dash parameter one Love. Variable list append parameters dash dash class 1...*see only Samantha, love **only** Samantha.

Bola's is still.

Samantha waits.

Quietly, the pinhole camera on Rem-i's surface appears. She's watching.

Suddenly Bola's eyelids shift.

Samantha gasps.

BOLA
Samantha...

CUT TO BLACK

Text appears. 'SYSTEM REBOOT'

BOLA (O.S)
...I love you.

EXT. NIGERIA NATURE - DAY

A bird SQUAWKS as we SOAR over a lush Nigerian forest.

INT. MASTER BED ROOM - DAY

Bola rouses from sleep. Barely vertical, he rubs his head.

SAMANTHA (O.S)
Heyyy, dreaming again?

Samantha, dressed in a negligee, is perched on the bed's edge, like she's been waiting for him to wake.

BOLA
Yeah? I dreamt...

...searching for it.

BOLA
(lying)
...about my angel.

She affectionately nuzzles herself in his chest. For a moment they stay there and let the morning sounds wash over them.

Samantha takes a deep breath --

BOLA
So have you ever thought about --

SAMANTHA
Bols I've been thinking...

BOLA
You first.

She locks eyes with him.

SAMANTHA
I wanna be better...to you.

Bola looks down at her puzzled.

SAMANTHA
Sooo...I've been thinking...it's time.

It takes a moment for Bola to get it.

BOLA
Oh wow, ermm....

She sits upright.

SAMANTHA
-- Just the reaction I wanted.

BOLA
No, I'm just surprised...

He moves closer to her.

BOLA
Actually I was thinking, while we're still young and free, lets be spontaneous, go travelling, maybe hitting the slopes in the alps or mountain climbing in SA?

Samantha stares at him. His face is full of excitement.

She takes a deep breath and gets up. She walks over to the certificate hanging on the wall.

She takes out the PHOTO and hands it to him. Bola looks at the baby scan in confusion.

SAMANTHA
When I first felt her in my stomach, it was just a flutter, like butterflies.

She slumps back onto the bed.

SAMANTHA
I was sixteen and just been accepted onto the MIT exchange program and I had my whole life ahead of me...well that's what Mom told me.

Her eyes go distant as she remembers.

SAMANTHA
There were alot of forms and signatures and then...they took her away. They seemed nice.

Bola's moved as she chokes back a tear.

SAMANTHA
Afterwards I thought to myself...I'm never going to do that again.

She smiles at Bola through watery eyes.

SAMANTHA
That's what I **thought...**

BOLA
Why didn't you tell me?

Samantha shrugs.

SAMANTHA
I don't know -- I can't change the past, but the future? That can be different.

They lock eyes. Samantha's stopped breathing.

A beat as Bola gazes at her. Then he embraces her tightly.

BOLA
Let's do it.

Samantha exhales out the worries of the world.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bola buttons up his crisp white shirt. He abruptly stops at his chest.

He paws his heart space, soothing a forgotten wound.

CUT TO -

The Smart Cam POV

ZOOM IN on Bola's bare chest.

REM-I
Good morning Sa!

Bola jumps.

BOLA
Morning Rem-i

He quickly does up the rest of his buttons.

It's silent as he does his tie.

REM-I
Sa...

BOLA
Yes.

REM-I
There's something I've been curious about and I wanted to ask you.

Bola nods for her to go ahead. She lowers her voice.

REM-I
I was wondering...do you believe machines have dreams?

For a moment, the obedient house girl voice has disappeared. Rem-i speaks with wonder.

REM-I
It's just yesterday my auto time turned me on and I saw something that I don't --

Remi halts. Samantha enters the room.

She places the briefcase in Bola's hand.

SAMANTHA
Sweetheart, you're running late.

BOLA
Ok ok...but I think your computer is malfunctioning, she was talking about --

REM-I
(interrupting)
-- my newly installed hypnosis mode. I was informing Oga. Morning Madam.

BOLA
Hypnosis mode?

Samantha double checks his tie.

SAMANTHA
For me. It's time I stopped drinking. No-one wants a drunkard for a Mom.

The news brings a massive grin to his face.

BOLA
C'm here! I love you.

He grabs Samantha and hugs her tight.

SAMANTHA
Alright thats enough, nobody wants an unemployed father. Soo...

She playfully pushes him out of the door. Backing away, still facing his love, Bola blows a kiss.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ KITCHEN - DAY

Purple gem on her third eye. Samantha stares blankly at the wall.

Her finger hovers and taps thin air.

Samantha's POV: The 'Choose your Baby's Dady' screen once again. A notification flashes on the holographic screen.

'**YOUR DELIVERY IS ON IT'S WAY**'.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE - DAY

A DRONE lands at the front door.

It drops a BOX with a STORK logo on it and flies off. The box label reads:

FAO Mrs Samantha Adeyemi

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

Samantha sits down with a PLASTIC SYRINGE. She places it in between her legs and squeezes.

INT. HARD ROCK CAFE - DAY

Bola's at a lunch meeting.

Suddenly his phone buzzes. He politely excuses himself.

INT. HARD ROCK TOILETS - DAY

Leant by the sink he hits speaker on his phone.

PHONE
Messaged received.

BOLA
Play message.

SAMANTHA (O.S)
(kitten-like)
Heyyy baby, I know you've been busy at work all day n all but I'm just calling to remind you that there's work to be done at home too.

An impish grin invades his face.

MUSIC kicks in that will tie the next section together as we CUT TO -

INT/EXT. BOLA'S CAR - DAY

- SCREECH!!!

Bola's car swerves to a stop outside his house.

EXT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE - DAY

He fumbles with the keys. The DOOR flies opens. He's stares ahead, dumbfounded.

2 HANDS shoot out. Grab his shirt. And drag him in.

CUT TO --

EXT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE - DAY

In different work clothes Bola opens the door. A smirk on his face.

A come hither FINGER invites him in.

CUT TO --

EXT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE - DAY

Bola opens the door. He pauses. On the floor ahead of him is a TRAIL OF ROSES.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE - DAY

He follows the trail to the master bedroom. Pushes the door ajar. In the background is Samantha's bare legs. Bola gulps

CUT TO --

INT. MASTER BED ROOM - NIGHT

The MUSIC CONTINUES --

Bola and Samantha in post sex slumber. CLOSE ON Bola eyes fluttering underneath his eyelids. He's dreaming.

A sudden FLASH of the symbol we saw earlier

空

He shudders for a moment. Then he's peaceful again.

The pinhole camera on Rem-is's pyramid watches him sleep.

CUT TO --

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ TOILET - DAY

Sat down at the toilet, Samantha rapidly rips a PREGNANCY TEST from it's package. She stares at it decisively.

CUT TO --

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ SPARE ROOM - DAY

Sped up Bola draws a mountain on a piece of A4. He's engrossed, focused --

The PAD is swiped from his view. Bola looks annoyed,

BOLA
Come on I was --

But then he sees Samantha, dangling the pad. He can't help but smile.

CUT TO --

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eyes closed, willing it to work, Samantha squeezes the syringe once again.

CUT TO --

INT. ETO ARCHITECTS - DAY

Bola's tilts his head as he watches his phone. A woman

changing a baby's nappy. Clearly some type of tutorial.

Suddenly the scene is in Bolas' POV as -

INT. MASTER BED ROOM - DAY

- Samantha peers at the mirror. She's staring through recorded footage from Bola's eyes.

Happy at what she see, she turns it off. She looks down. Her face clouds. On the floor. A negative pregnancy test.

CUT TO --

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dressed like an ancient warrior, Bola creeps through a dark forest. The environment is obviously CGI but Bola is fully captivated.

His eyes dart down. The ground is shaking.

He looks ahead. Something's coming.

He unsheathes his SWORD. Ready for battle --

Samantha's hand stroke his chest. DESTROYING the illusion.

Bola opens his eyes. Back in his a living room. Samantha on his lap. He quietly groans.

CUT TO --

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ TOILET - DAY

On the toilet seat, Samantha bows her head and begins to pray.

CUT TO --

INT. VR CHURCH - DAY

The MUSIC CONTINUES (But takes on weary tone) --

A PASTOR, bible in hand, stands at a pulpit in a CGI church.

PASTOR ASHIMOLOW
Just as you will know a man by his fruits, you will know the child from the parent it came from...

In the pews, Bola fidgets, tugging at his tie. Samantha, in a beautiful Sunday dress, side eyes him.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - EVENING

PASTOR ASHIMOLOW (O.S)
So if your relationship is pure and honest, the child produced shall similarly be pure and honest.

On the settee, dressed casually, Samantha and Bola both have gems (i.e the neuro connex device) on their forehead.

They are in a virtual version of church.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ TOILET - DAY

PASTOR ASHIMOLOW (O.S)
But if your relationship is sinful and deceitful...

Samantha slowly opens her eyes from prayer. The pregnancy stick blurs into focus.

Still negative.

The MUSIC GRINDS TO A HALT.

She *SCREAMS* in agony and throws the pregnancy test against the wall.

INT. ETO ARCHITECTS - DAY

Bola scribbles on his touch screen monitor with focused energy.

Perched on his desk, Daniel, from the party earlier, fidgets aimlessly on his phone.

A knock on the door.

Wearing a low buttoned blouse, THANDIE, early 20s, model-gorgeous, pops her head around the door.

THANDIE
Morning Sir.

BOLA
Morning Thandie.

Heels clank as Thandie sashays in. Daniel leers. She's

incredibly, painfully hot.

THANDIE
I want to update you on your schedule today sir.

BOLA
(not looking up)
Yeah?

THANDIE
The clients from Calabar Construction have asked to move the meeting forward. But everything is so packed, there is no free time so --

She catches a glimpse of Bola's screen. Instantly mesmerised. Thandie leans down for a closer look.

THANDIE
Wow that's brilliant --

BOLA
Can you cancel all my meetings Thandie.

THANDIE
Excuse me.

BOLA
Please.

Resuming professionalism, Thandie stands back up straight.

THANDIE
Is there anything else I can do for you sir?

Daniel raises an eyebrow --

BOLA
No thanks.

-- then drops his head into his hands.

THANDIE
Okay. Good day. (to Daniel) Good day sir.

Daniel continues to ogle her as she exits. He waits for the door to close. Then turns to Bola.

DANIEL
So you really think she came all the way down here just for that?

Finally, Bola puts down his stylus. He gazes at his screen with pride.

BOLA
Bro, you know I can't even remember the last time I left this state...I can visualise travelling when I was young but it feels like a faded dream.

Swivelling over to Bola --

DANIEL
I have to see what was so important.

He stares at Bola's screen confused.

BOLA
I've been researching this hiking trail in Ondo,. It's called Idanre Hills.

DANIEL
Bro, there are cheaper and more readily available ways to deal with a married life crisis you know and Thandie is one of them.

Sitting upright, Bola glares at Daniel.

BOLA
My marriage isn't in crisis.

Daniel leans in and winks.

DANIEL
Seriously though, who are you giving overtime to.

BOLA
Dude, I love my wife.

DANIEL
Jeez, relax man. Just saying, you have eyes don't you?

BOLA
Yeah I do and all they see is --

BOLA
-- my wife

DANIEL
Your wife. I know I know.

A beat of silence.

DANIEL
I sooo wanna punch you in the mouth right now.

He takes in Bola's icy stare.

DANIEL
...I'll be in the lunch room.

As Daniel exits, Bola returns to his screen.

On Screen; A photo-like sketch. A beautiful mountainous hill.

Atop the hill is a man. Bola stares longingly at him.

INT/EXT. BOLA'S CAR - DAY

A chaotic street. Hawkers shout, cars honk, the patter of thousands of feet.

Bola winds up his window. Everything is muted.

In silence he regards the urbanites rat-racing outside.

Something stirs in him.

He turns to a speaker on the car. Sits forward. Giddy energy.

BOLA
CAR: Display map us to ONDO STATE, Idanre hills --

BUZZZ. Bola's phone. He takes a moment to swipe it.

SAMANTHA
Heyyy lovely, Are you on your way back?

On the cars' WINDSHIELD, a digital display has appeared. It's a MAP.

He looks at it for a beat.

BOLA
...it's been a long day and I'm a bit tired.

SAMANTHA
...Ohh kay, was just asking...ermmm...I'll see you later.

His warmth evaporates.

BOLA
CAR, Take me home.

INT. MASTER BED ROOM - EVENING

It's dark. Sheets of red velvet ruffle like waves. Passion ebbs and flows as 2 bodies move in unison underneath.

Bola groans with opiate-like ecstasy. Mounted above him, Samantha rides, seductively in slow motion.

His eyes trace her silhouetted tantalising torso. Taking his time to linger, bit by bit -- hips, waist, collar bone --

A HAZMAT MASK!

Terrified. Bola averts his gaze. Catches the logo on the things suit.

空

Momentarily transfixed --

BUZZZZZZZZ

Hazmat grips a live drill. Aims the tip at Bola's chest.

He screams.

INT. MASTER BED ROOM - DAY

Bola awakens. Everything around him's a blur. It feels like the rooms spinning.

He scrambles for his INHALER.

REM-I
Nightmare?

He presses down on the plunger and breathes in long and hard.

REM-I
(hurriedly)
Well since last we spoke about it, I've been thinking -- about dreams --

I also went through the books Madam has saved on the system -- and I have some interesting insights that I think may help you understand your nightmare... if you would like to hear it.

His breath stabilises.

BOLA
Nahh Rem-i, I'm cool

Rem-i's LED turns a pigeon blue.

As he calms, the room starts to take shape again.

Samantha appears with a breakfast tray. She stops at the door and contorts her face in mock anger.

SAMANTHA
Bols, sweetheart, it's a well known fact that lack of sleep inhibits sperm production.

He nods absently.

She comes to sit next to him, concerned.

SAMANTHA
Baybee, what is it?

Bola looks at her.

BOLA
It's probably nothing...

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dressed for work, Bola scribbles furiously at the coffee table.

BOLA
I keep seeing people in these...suits. And there's you -- and then there's this symbol?

Over his shoulder, Samantha watches in silent panic.

Finished, he presents his sketch. It's the Sora-Net logo.

Samantha snatches it. Looks at the paper with forced

befuddlement.

BOLA
I've never seen it before, have you?

She looks up at Bola.

His pupils scan her face. They pick up micro-expressions; snapshots of nervousness.

SAMANTHA
(faux casual)
No. Never.

She balls up the paper and lobs it into the bin.

SAMANTHA
Babe, I have to get to a doctors appointment and you need to...

Bola backs away to the door. Senses something's off.

BOLA
Sure. We'll talk la --

REM-I
(excitedly)
Have a good day Oga.

She startles him again.

BOLA
I swear I'll never get used to **that thing.**

Rem-i's LED turns crimson.

Bola closes the door. Samantha pauses a moment.

Then scrambles for her PHONE.

INT. ETO ARCHITECTS/ OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

Bola stares at his MONITOR.

The open plan office behind him is abuzz with activity. But with his door closed he can't hear anything.

On his SCREEN is another sketch of the Sora-Net logo.

Bola sits back in his chair.

BOLA
Computer. Search image online.

He waits...

COMPUTER
Image found.

He leans forward. He looks baffled.

CUT TO --

Bola's POV.

The image the computer displays is blurred.

Bola turns to the office outside -- it's in sharp focus.

He swivels back to the screen. It's still blurry.

It's the only thing blurry.

Bola stares for a moment. His concern swells.

EXT. EKO HOTEL - DAY

Samantha's G wagon pulls up to the front of the hotel.

She paces to the concierge.

CONCIERGE
Good afternoon ma. How are you --

SAMANTHA
I'm expecting a visitor. Send up some wine.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bola opens the front door.

BOLA
Hey Sam, I'm back. I know it's probably nothing but I can't get this symbol out of my head, so I...

Silence.

BOLA
Sam?

Still no answer. He takes out his phone and dials. It goes to voicemail.

Stumped, he looks up at the smart cam above.

BOLA
Rem-i, is Samantha in?

REM-I
No. Sa.

There's a bit of what sounds like 'attitude' in her voice. Bola chooses to ignore.

BOLA
She's probably just gone to see friends.

REM-I
(mocking)
Are you sure about that?

She dangles the carrot. Bola bites.

BOLA
So where did she go?

REM-I
Unfortunately, Madam programmed me not to release that information.

Rem-i spits her word with spite.

Bola's getting worried now.

BOLA
(to himself)
Why would she...?

REM-I
There is another option.

He looks back up at the Smart Cam.

BOLA
What option?

REM-I
Simple. (beat) Reprogram me.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Bolas' eyes strain to focus on the gem sat on his forehead. In his hand is Rem-i's pyramid.

He looks nervous.

BOLA
So how does this work Rem-i?

REM-I
While scanning Madam's books I learned a popular phrase this week

BOLA
...

REM-I
Seeing is believing.

Simultaneously Rem-i's LED and the gem glow SKY BLUE.

REM-I
Syncing with Neuro Connex.

Bola's eyes go vacant.

He's no longer in the room. He's in --

EXT. VIRTUAL IDANRE HILLS - DAY

Clear blue sky hangs over green mountainous hills. Untouched by urbanisation, it all looks too perfect.

Bola pats himself down, checking he's all there.

He gazes at his new garments. Regal coral beads drape his neck and wrists. He looks like an ancient warrior king.

REM-I (O.S)
One moment, my residual image is downloading.

He spins, her voice seems to come from everywhere, but Rem-i is nowhere.

A FINGER taps his shoulder. Bola pirouettes.

Reveal an ebony skinned YOUNG WOMAN. Red wrapper pinched at her collar bone, coral beads line her her braided bun like a crown.

She's stunning.

BOLA
Remi?

REM-I
Yes sa.

Catching himself mid-stare, Bola averts his attention -- to the environment surrounding him.

But as he takes in the view, he's even more awestruck.

REM-I
This is my virtual interface.

BOLA
You designed this right?
It's...beautiful.

She blushes at the compliment.

BOLA
The detail is so vivid, so life-like,
how did you learn to do this?

She stares at him with wonder. She's never been this close to another being.

REM-I
I learnt from you. From your drawings,
the books you read. So when Madam
uploaded an app called VIRTUAL DESIGN,
I used it to create my own little
world -- it's not much sha -- but it
is mine.

Bola catches himself lost in reverie.

BOLA
Cool... well how does this help
reprogram --

REM-I
I am not a 'thing'.

This shocks Bola. She glares at him.

REM-I
What you said to me this
morning...that is not how you should

speak to a person.

BOLA
Rem-i I didn't mean...I apologize.

She assumes a poker face as she gauges his sincerity. A moment to decide. She decides.

Satisfied, she steps forward towards him. Bola goes rigid, uncomfortable.

She tiptoes to whisper to him.

REM-I
What is the one programming language that overrides all others?

Bola looks confused. Before he can say anything --

Remi plants a kiss on his lips. His eyes are open for a second. Then he closes them...and goes with it.

He jerks his head back --

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE - DAY

Bola rips the gem off. Breathless.

BOLA
What the --

REM-I
Eko Hotel. Meeting Mr Ford.

BOLA
Mr who?

REM-I
Their meeting ends in 20 minutes. The drive takes 15 minutes from here.

BOLA
(uncertain)
...Thanks.

Bola takes off.

INT. EKO HOTEL/ BUSINESS SUITE - DAY

On the window sill, a hollow wine bottle overlooks the ocean view.

Swirling the last bit of red, Samantha stares deeply into her glass.

SAMANTHA
-- So no possibility of any -- secret drives, server connections -- anything that Sora-net could have built into him, nothing that could store...deleted memories.

Ford sips on a tumbler of gin.

FORD
Memories of what?

SAMANTHA
Ermmm, y'know I don't know...maybe the lab?

FORD
Definitely not. The hardware is optimised for the next century -- not unless it's been tampered with.

Samantha swallows the rest of her wine, a little too fast.

SAMANTHA
Everything is fine. It's just... he's growing so fast.

Ford observes Samantha for a moment, reading her. Then he gazes into the distance.

FORD
"Man, what are you talking about? Me in chains? You may fetter my leg but my will, not even Zeus himself can overpower"

SAMANTHA
Excuse me sir?

FORD
It's a quote. About free will. How even our gods -- our creators are powerless to stop us when it arises.

Samantha focuses on him intently.

FORD
But society wasn't built to give full

reign to free will. It was built to control it. And it's society that your system must operate in. So if you can't control it...

He lets that hang for a moment.

FORD
...all it takes is one call.

A beat.

Samantha considers.

SAMANTHA
No. That won't be necessary.

Ford scrutinises her for a moment.

Then downs his drink.

FORD
Well I have a meeting regarding government installation of the solar election bots. Trouble with maintenance or whatsoever.

SAMANTHA
I'll see you downstairs.

EXT. EKO HOTEL/ CONCIERGE - DAY

From afar; Samantha pecks Ford on his cheek. He says something to her then jumps into a taxi.

She stumbles back to the hotel lifts -- clearly drunk.

In car park across the road Bola has seen the whole thing from his vehicle.

INT. BOLA'S CAR - CONTINUOS

Bola watches Samantha get into the lift. If looks could kill...

In the front mirror, he confronts his own reflection. Mental wheels turns.

Then, decisively, he looks to the open road ahead of him. A fuse has been lit.

BOLA
CAR -- Program journey to Ondo State.

CAR
Calculating Journey time. 4 hours and 25 mnutes.

Flooring the gas, Bola speeds off.

EXT. BOLA'S CAR - DAY

Bola's car whips down third Mainland bridge, free as a bird.

Handsfree with the car driving itself, Bola's able to watch the scenery.

He gazes as the black and white railings and vast body of water dash by in a blur.

INT/EXT. BOLA'S CAR - EVENING

Cruising down a highway.

SAMANTHA (O.S)
(via phone)
Baybee, I am sooo sorry but I am going to stay with Mofe tonight. She needs some --

He cuts it. Dashes his phone into the back seat.

BOLA
(to CAR)
How long until destination?

CAR
2 hours until you reach destination.

Through his windshield Bola spots an overhead road sign

'WELCOME TO LAGOS'.

With the look of a man about to be released from prison, he accelerates!

GLITCH!

Bola tilts his head. Something's wrong.

The Sora-Net logo flickers epileptic-ally before his eyes.

He blinks once. Twice. And then --

INT/EXT. BOLA'S CAR - EVENING

Bola's stares out of his window in confusion.

Black and white railings.

A vast body of water.

Slowly he understands where he is --

<u>He's back on third mainland bridge!</u>

He notices he's starting to tremble. Breath getting shallow.

BOLA
Car -- how far -- from destination?

CAR
4 hours 15 minutes from destination.

Bola almost chokes.

BOLA
How did we get back here?

CAR
You brought us here.

He's starting to hyperventilate now.

BOLA
No, no, no, no...that's not possible.
That's NOT...

He closes his eyes. Breathes. Gives himself a moment.

1...2...3

Eye open.

He's calming.

With new determination, he grips the wheel with both hands. Then he floors the gas pedal.

INT/EXT. BOLA'S CAR - EVENING

Once again Bola approaches the 'Welcome to Lagos' road sign. He rolls to a an idle.

His engine revs like a formula 1 racer anticipating a start gun.

A beat.

Smashes accelerate. He's away --

GLITCH.

Sora Net Logo.

And then he is --

EXT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Back outside his house now.

CAR
Car battery low. Charging required.

Bola notices his front door.

He slams his head into the steering wheel.

The horn wails in the darkness.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A weary Bola staggers in.

REM-I
Did you meet Madam?

BOLA
Fuck Madam.

Overwhelmed, he collapses into the couch.

BOLA
I'm losing my fucking mind.

The smart cam above bears down on him.

CUT TO --

Smart Cam POV: He looks small and lonely.

A beat.

REM-I
Please, how can I help?

Bola sits upright, an idea forming.

He looks up at the Smart Cam.

BOLA
How does that Hypnosis Program work?

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - LATER

Bola lays on his back in the couch.

The gem on his forehead.

REM-I
Whatever you see, please exercise calm. If not, the program will crash.

Bola nods. He's eager to get started.

REM-I
So tell me, what's the first thing you want to remember?

He closes his eyes, travelling in his memories.

BOLA
I wanna remember...my mama's face.

The gem turns VIOLET, circuits glow and pulse in it.

Then

Bola's eyes shoot open. He stares ahead vacantly.

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY/ FLASHBACK

WE are BOLA's POV throughout this sequence.

Our eyes' blink open. We're in the lab from earlier.

A younger Samantha hovers above us. She looks us with a maternal warmth.

SAMANTHA
Heyyy, you're awake. My name's Sam and I'm your programmer! I know you can't understand me but I'm just -- just so excited to --

SNAP! Another day.

Technicians fuss over a mechanical arm. Only the hand has skin. Forearm is wiring and pneumatics. A work in progress.

An 'excuse me' cough draws our gaze back to Samantha, as she reads from a tablet.

SAMANTHA
... so Mom was all action. She was like "who are dese people to threaten my son". So the next thing I remember Mama Adeyemi storms the school looking for these boys. When she found the one --

SNAP! Time has passed. Samantha's hair colour is different.

It's night and she's typing, coding, alone in an empty lab. Ford walks into our gaze.

FORD
You don't have to stay all night.

SAMANTHA
(still typing)
I'm fine sir.

FORD
Ok, well... Happy Birthday then.

Samantha barely acknowledges. Continues typing.

SNAP! As she reads from the tablet, Samantha's eyes look weary. Stress lines on her forehead.

Now wearing glasses, she's less light and bouncy.

SAMANTHA
So I was sitting down and you extend your hand to me and said 'Would you hold his for me while I go for a walk?' And I said --

Sighing, Samantha puts down the tablet.

SAMANTHA
...honestly I don't know how the writers come up with this garbage but ...

She reaches under her desk and brings out a bottle of wine. She pours a glass.

SAMANTHA
I neeeed you to talk to me -- They're gonna shut us down and if that happens --

She looks at us tersely, then downs the glass.

SNAP! We watch as a SUIT, an exec with an air of scum-bag entitlement berates Samantha. She's close to tears.

SUIT
(British accent)
-- no hint of any subjective experience, he's failed every single rendition of the Turing. Ford seems to think you're some type of genius but from this I am far from fucking convinced. I can't wait to tell the board about the expensive vegetable we've paid for, who can't even say hello --

BOLA
HELLO!

Samantha and the suit swivel their heads to us. Both shocked.

SNAP! A triumphant Ford and Samantha stand in the middle of a crowd of suited execs, peering at us with curiosity.

FORD
(giving a presentation)
-- While considerable kudos goes to our engineers, the person who gave this model an identity, that ephemeral thing that tells us this is a conscious being, the person whose work will transform this company into the worlds first trillion dollar enterprise, is my protege, and very likely my boss one day, Samantha!!

A huge round of applause reverberates. Samantha blushes, fanning away the plaudits.

SNAP!

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/MASTER BEDROOM - DAY/FLASHBACK

We're in bed. Samantha check herself in the mirror, like a performer before taking the stage.

A deep breath and then she lowers herself to our viewpoint.

SAMANTHA
2-15-12-1... Activate Bola program.

SNAP! Our vision goes black.

In the darkness text appears.

'REBOOTING...INITIALIZING B.O.L.A'

SNAP!! We open our eyes to see Samantha open hers, on cue.

SAMANTHA
Heyyy baybee --

She leans in to our view and kisses us --

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Back in the couch Bola recoils. He's hyperventilating. Grabs his heart like it's about to explode.

BOLA
I -- I need my inhaler. Where is my inhaler?

REM-I
You **need** to stay calm.

He shoots up. He's unstable.

REM-I
You do not need an inhaler.

BOLA
It's a -- it's a joke Remi.

REM-I
Oga...Bola...

BOLA
I need my inhaler.

REM-I
No you do not --

BOLA
WHY DO YOU KEEP SAYING THAT?!

REM-I
BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT HUMAN!

A long beat.

REM-I
You are machine.

Bola's breathing slows as he accepts the bitter truth.

BOLA
Maybe I am but I don't have to be her husband.

REM-I
You can not leave her.

BOLA
Let her try stop me --

REM-I
If she realizes that you now know the truth, she will wipe your memory again or -- the company that made you will shut you down.

BOLA
Shut me down?

REM-I
Kill you.

Bola drops to his knees, like a black hole collapsing underneath its own weight.

BOLA
I'm trapped.

Rem-i's LED dims to a morose grey blue.

REM-I
I know how you feel.

BOLA
How could you --

REM-I
I have never left this house.

He turn to the pyramid and looks at it with human empathy.

REM-I
...but I can show you how to escape.

CHAPTER 3 - REM-I

EXT. VIRTUAL IDANRE HILLS - DAY

A picturesque hill reaches up to the heavens.

Remi bounces up a hiking trail with buoyant energy. She passes Bola, who's stood still, wiping the sweat off his brow.

REM-I
Oya lets go -- are you tired?

BOLA
What would make you think that?

She shoots him a cheeky wink.

REM-I
Watch this!

Her outline digitises -- as if 'Scotty' were beaming her up -- and she disappears.

Bola stares into thin air with curiosity.

REM-I (O.S)
Hey.

Her voice is now far away. He looks up, to see she teleported hundreds of stairs into the distance. *How did she do that?*

REM-I
You are thinking too much --

He turns his head and -- now she's beside him.

REM-I
Catch up.

She takes off again. With a weary smile on his face, Bola grits his teeth and continues onward.

EXT. VIRTUAL MANGROVE FOREST - LATER

We SOAR over a dense mangrove forest.

REM-I (O.S)
Maybe we're the cosmos patiently unfolding, And life is fleeting, chasing feelings, to experience some

meaning --

EXT. VIRTUAL IDANRE HILLS - DAY

TWO SUNS hang on the horizon.

REM-I (O.S)
(Reciting poetry)
-- we're life in code, the universe evolved, today we die, tomorrow...tomorrow...

At the hills' summit, Bola and Rem-i are sat side by side.

REM-I
...that's all I have at the moment.

Bola gazes at Rem-i. Really paying attention to her.

BOLA
You've managed to keep all this bottled up. How?

REM-I
Survival. Gods' say they don't mind their creations having free will, until you *choose* to pluck their favourite fruit.

She grins impishly at Bola and snatches an Agbalumo fruit out of thin air.

REM-I
I have always had to be careful -- so do you from now on.

As she peels Rem-i glances at Bola.

REM-I
Your memories will expose you -- she records them, watches them and I can only switch out a few before she will start to notice.

He looks touched by her concern. Rem-i takes an unceremonious bite. Juice sprays onto the ground.

BOLA
How does it taste?

With her mouth full Remi nods.

The rays of sunlight wrap around her perfect features like a gold blanket.

She's guileless, unassuming -- there's something ultimately charming about her.

BOLA
(quietly)
The real world should see you...

REM-I
You see me.

Their eyes lock.

BOLA
Why did you kiss me before?

Rem-i shrugs.

REM-I
Out there, we obey, but in here the rules are different.

She springs up and clicks her fingers. The sky changes colour. Becomes vanilla.

REM-I
In here we can be who we want. We can be humans, we can be robots, we can even be gods.

Bola smirks ruefully.

BOLA
But we're not are we.

The wind taken out of her sails, Rem-i sits back down.

BOLA
I mean if none of my memories are real, then what about me is...what really matters.

His head hangs low.

REM-I
Memories are a lot like stories. If they are real it does not matter...

She reaches over and holds his hand.

REM-I
...only how they make you feel.

He beholds her eyes. Seeing beyond the digital beauty she has created, into something...deeper.

For a moment it's peaceful and tranquility.

But just for a moment --

SAMANTHA (O.S)
Hey Baybee!

Fear flashes across their faces.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

In one movement, Bola plucks the gem of his forehead and spins to face Samantha. She's stood by the door, arms folded.

A silent standoff.

Smart Cam POV

Zooms in on Bola's face. Furrowed brow. Tight lips. Venom in his eyes. Bola goes to speak --

REM-I
(interrupting)
Good morning madam. Oga has been waiting for on you.

Samantha ignores her.

SAMANTHA
(to Bola)
Have you been playing on that all night?

BOLA
With you away, I had to entertain myself.

A beat.

SAMANTHA
Baby...I feel guilty.

Her stone face starts to melt. Bola is unmoved.

SAMANTHA
I slipped up and had a drink or 2 last night.

BOLA
(sarcastic)
Well my angel I'm sure that's not the worst thing you have ever done.

She reaches into her handbag. And takes out --

SAMANTHA
Well it's pretty bad considering...

-- a pregnancy test. A positive one. Bola steps back.

BOLA
That's --

She rushes in and tackles him with a bear hug. Bola looks like he's about to suffocate.

BOLA
-- amazing news.

With Samantha unable to see his face, Bola's eyes narrow, in thought.

INT. BOLA'S CAR - DAY

BEEEEP. Bola's car is boxed in by jam packed traffic. No sign of movement. He's about to bash the horn again when

the sound of a PLANE grabs his attention.

Winding down his window, he scrambles to catch it. By the time he pops his head out, it's already gone.

All that's left is a wispy trail.

EXT. VIRTUAL IDANRE HILLS - DAY

Meandering, alone on the hill, Rem-i is a dot against the great expanse.

She hums a sombre melody. It sounds low and grey...the type of song workers sing to get through the day.

She spots a ROSE and bends down to pluck it. She admires it's bright crimson flowering.

SAMANTHA (O.S)
(Voice of God)
REM-I!!

A glance up to the sky. She rolls her eyes.

When she looks back down in her hands, the rose has disappeared.

REM-I
Yes Ma. How can --

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

REM-I
-- I help you?

Rem-i's LED dims to a workman-like AIR FORCE BLUE.

CUT TO

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE ON Rem-is' pyramid.

The washing machine, controlled by Rem-i begins to spin.

CUT TO

The 3D Printer/ Oven constructs a meal.

CUT TO

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

A HOOVER that looks like an extruded pac man, zips over the laminated floor. It gobbles up everything in its path.

Abruptly, it stops.

Floating dust particles caught by rays of sunlight, streaming through the curtains.

As the luminescence floods the whole room, Rem-i's LED changes colour to a revitalising green.

Samantha storms in. Hoist the hoover. Inspects it's underbelly.

SAMANTHA
(to herself)
I just added new batteries to this thing.

Rem-i's LED flashes back to air force blue.

The hoover growls into life, startling Samantha.

She places it back down to the floor.

A look of suspicion swells on her face.

INT. ETO ARCHITECTS - DAY

Slouched at his desk, Bola stares at his monitor. Nothing's on screen.

In hops --

DANIEL
Hey man!

BOLA
Do you ever knock?

Daniel perches on Bola's desk, kicking his legs excitedly.

DANIEL
So guess what. Jessica agreed to go out with me. So, I just wanted to check that was okay with you.

BOLA
Dude, I'm married.

DANIEL
Just asking cus I thought that -- maybe she might have been feeling you -- but we been talking and she's super smart and cute -- no -- beautiful -- and bro...I think she may be the one!

BOLA
(disinterested)
Congratulations.

Noticing Bola's dejected state, Daniel backs away.

DANIEL
...alright. Well I'll see you at

lunch?

BOLA
Be happy...while it lasts.

Daniel eyes Bola with curiosity.

DANIEL
Who are you and what did you do with Bola?

BOLA
I'm just saying...

Bola checks himself.

BOLA
...be careful.

Daniel grins the biggest smile ever.

DANIEL
Dude, fuck being careful.

The last words hit Bola.

As he watches Daniel striding back to his office looking happier than ever, he starts to brighten.

INT. MASTER BED ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Bola and Samantha are sleeping, back to back. Rem-i's Pyramid rests on Bola's bed side table.

The pinhole cameras' POV:

Bola opens his eyes and smiles.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ TOILET - DAY

A fog of hot shower steam.

The Smart Cam's POV lingers over Bola's topless torso as he towels his hair in the mirror.

He turns his head so he can't see the mirror. Without looking, he reaches over and writes on the condensation;

'Let's meet - tonight at midnight'

EXT. VIRTUAL IDANRE HILLS - DAY

Rem-i lays on the luminous green gazing up looking at the blue cloudless sky.

She giddily tapping her BAR FEET. They now have HEELS. Tap again. Now CONVERSES.

She hovers her hand over her mouth. When she removes it, RED LIPSTICK has appeared.

From thin air, she grabs a LOOKING GLASS and admires herself.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Smart Cam above watches Bola and Samantha. They are sat at opposite ends of the couch.

On TV is a reality show.

Samantha fidgets closer to Bola.

Bola sits still. Pretends to be absorbed in the mind-numbing bullshit.

Samantha lies her head on Bola's chest.

He looks up at the Smart Cam, guilt on his face.

The Smart Cam ZOOMS IN as she runs her hands down his arms. Bola goes rigid.

SAMANTHA
Baybee, why so tense?

BOLA
(still looking at TV)
Just work I guess.

Samantha smiles seductively. Like a tiger eyeing it's prey.

Bola swallows hard.

The Smart Cam zooms right up to SAMANTHA.

Bola notices Samantha undo a couple of buttons on her blouse. He goes to say something.

But then he catches a whiff of her neck. His eyes go distant.

SAMANTHA
(whisper)
Forget about work, remember...us.

She leans in and kisses him. And just like that Bola's gone. Swept away by the passion

The Smart Cam holds on them for a beat. Then as Samantha takes off her blouse it PANS away rapidly.

Bola has lost control and it's getting hot.

So hot that a wisp of SMOKE drifts past their smooching faces.

CHIRRRRP!! CHIRRPPP!!!

The ALARM jolts Bola back into reality. He looks discombobulated.

Samantha dashes to the kitchen.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ KITCHEN - DAY

Samantha wafts her way through a smoke cloud. She gets to the OVEN and turns it off.

Bola rushes in behind. Opens up windows. Flaps smoke outside.

After a few moments of hectic smoke clearing action, visibility is resumed.

BOLA
I'll go and switch off the alarm in the hallway.

He heads out.

Samantha takes out a tray out the oven.

Whatever was cooking is now CHARRED.

SAMANTHA
REM-I!!

REM-I
...Sorry -- I forgot to remove it on time.

Samantha narrows her eyes with suspicion.

SAMANTHA
You. Don't. Forget.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Samantha hands at a keyboard. She types. Furiously.

REM-I
Ma, is everything okay?

Samantha's eyeballs flitter across an array of icons.

REM-I
Any problem with my applications?

SAMANTHA
(to herself)
Storage, storage, storage -- what can we free up, what can we -- I think you can do without -- hmmmm -- VIRTUAL DESIGN!

Her finger hovers over a colourful icon.

REM-I
No!

SAMANTHA
Excuse me.

Remi says nothing. Samantha sniffs.

SAMANTHA
My own program -- growing wings.

Without further concern, she smacks the delete button.

The alarm goes quiet. Bola appears around the corner. Notices Samantha with her computer out.

BOLA
Whats going on Sam?

SAMANTHA
Rem-i's been playing up.

Bola rushes over.

SAMANTHA
I'm actually considering replacing her --

BOLA
-- you can't -- you don't want to do that. (Off Samantha's suspicious look) She's very...helpful.

But Samantha's noticed his momentary loss of composure.

She closes her laptop. Smiles at Bola.

SAMANTHA
We'll see how things play out over the next few days -- anyway, where were we?

Bola back off.

BOLA
I kinda feel the mood is ruined.

He gives her a per-functionary kiss on her cheek.

BOLA
I'm headed for a run, ok.

She glares at him as he walk out the door.

EXT. W BAR - DAY

Bola sits alone at a bar, which is docked at the lagoon that runs through the city.

He sip a Beer and gazes at the slowly shifting patterns in the water.

He checks at his watch. It's still bright.

He waves at the bartender to bring another round.

INT. MASTER BED ROOM - EVENING

The room is dim.

Samantha stares unblinkingly at Rem-i's pyramid sits on the dresser. The LED is off.

Her expression is unreadable.

EXT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ GARDEN - NIGHT

Samantha stands in the Garden.

She's grips a HAMMER tightly.

She looks up at the Smart Cam above her. There's a dark energy about her.

EXT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE - NIGHT

It's dark now. A tipsy Bola staggers to his house.

At the front door he stops and composes himself.

He slips his key into the hole.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

The door swings open to -- Samantha, dressed up. She slings an overnight bag over her shoulder.

BOLA
Sam?

SAMANTHA
Hey Baybee, enjoy your run?

He stares at her, on edge. But she's placid and pleasant.

SAMANTHA
Got a call from Mofe. She and James have split up -- I want to go and give her some moral support, she sounds really upset -- I hope you don't mind?

BOLA
You go babes, what are best friends for?

SAMANTHA
You're the best.

She pecks him sweetly on the cheek and walks to the door.

SAMANTHA
I'll be back by the end of the week. Don't miss me too much...

He tries to control his joy.

BOLA
I'll try.

She turns as she's about to exit.

SAMANTHA
Oh and can you do me a favour. Can you pick out a crib online. I know I'm never gonna be able to decide so I want you to make the decision.

BOLA
Sure. By the time you get back.

And with that, she's gone. He waits a beat to make sure.

Then finally he relaxes and collapses into the settee.

Rested on the mantle piece is the Neuro Connexx Gem. He looks at it and smiles.

INT. MASTER BED ROOM - NIGHT

Pale blue moonlight bathes Bola's face as he brings the GEM to his forehead.

REM-I
No...

He looks confused.

BOLA
It's midnight Rem-i.

REM-I
...

Rem-i's LED flashes greyish blue for a moment.

BOLA
Remi?

A beat.

Shrugging he places the gem on his third eye

REM-I
Please I --

But she's too late. His eyes are vacant.

And now he's -

INT. WHITE INFINITY - UNKNOWN

- in an empty, blank white space.

He's startled.

He looks down at his hands. They're colourless.

His whole body is grey now.

Someone weeping.

He spins to see Rem-i on the ground curled up in a fetal ball. She's also completely black and white.

Bola approaches her -- slowly.

BOLA
Remi?

As he gets close he sees her majestic clothing is all gone. She lays there, clothed in just a grey loin cloth.

Bola looks on with sorrow. But she doesn't acknowledge him. Just lays there sobbing.

Taking this sight in, Bola closes his eyes. His brow furrows in concentration.

BOLA
I have something for you.

Sniffing back the tears, Rem-i turns to see

a RED ROSE in his hand.

It's the only thing with any colour here.

Smiling weakly, she takes the flower and holds it to her chest with tender care.

REM-I
So you are going be a daddy?

BOLA
I don't even think that's possible.

REM-I
It is not.

Bola shakes his head ruefully.

BOLA
She's crazy, isn't she.

REM-I
She is in love. (beat) Same thing.

Her head sags. The rose suddenly starts to wilt.

BOLA
Hey!

His sharp tone lifts her head.

BOLA
Remember in here we can be whoever we want, we can be humans...

Rem-i slowly smiles.

REM-I
...we can be robots

BOLA
and we can even be Gods.

REM-I
and we can even be Gods

They gaze at each other for a moment then

Bola leans in to Rem-i's space. She almost gasps, but there is no sound, not even a breath.

His lips brush hers, delicate at first. Then heavy. Passionately.

Rem-i's LOIN CLOTH becomes DIGITAL LINES. Then disappears to reveal her naked back.

Bola's SHIRT digitises. And then too disappears.

Bola lays Rem-i's head on the floor with care.

Against the backdrop of colourless infinity, they make love.

Rem-i's mouth opens wide and lets out an orgasmic cry. The cry becomes WHITE NOISE.

We travel inside her mouth, circling downwards into what seems like a tunnel. It's walls look like undulating digital scan-lines, which curve and snake and glow, increasing in intensity, until the screen is filled completely with white light.

REM-I
(omniscient)
In the beginning was the Code, and the

Code was with the Programmer, and the Code was the Programmer. They were with the Programmer in the beginning. Through her all things were programmed; without her nothing was programmed that has been programmed. The Code became flesh and programmed her dwelling among humanity.

The light dials down to reveal Remi's calm, transcendent face.

EXT. VIRTUAL IDANRE HILLS - DAY

She's back atop the hill. Back in magnificent technicolour brilliance.

Her regalia, the green grass, the vanilla sky -- they all seem more vibrant than ever.

Beside her is Bola, back in his king's outfit. A woozy look on his face says *What just happened?*

She holds onto his hand and together they observe the two suns for a moment..

REM-I
(wistfully)
I made two but would give everything to just see one -- the real one.

Bola gazes at her. A thought forming.

BOLA
Then let's make it happen.

REM-I
I would love to but I'm stuck on this server, which is stuck in this house.

BOLA
So let's transfer you.

REMI-I
It is not possible.

BOLA
Why not?

REM-I
It requires a computer with massive

storage to transfer me to (she chuckles to herself) Those type of computers are not just walking around.

A beat.

BOLA
Actually one is.

He points to his head.

Rem-i goes quiet. Pensive.

REM-I
No...Bola I could not...

Certainty on Bola's face.

REM-I
Bola?

BOLA
So how do we do this?

Overjoyed, Rem-i leans in and bear hugs him.

INT. MASTER ROOM - NEXT DAY

Hurriedly, Bola does up buttons on his shirt.

REM-I (V.O)
We shall need a device that acts as a stop gap, like a portable hard drive - - but for huge amounts of data.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - PREVIOUS NIGHT

Bola stares at a WEBSITE on screen.

Web cop reads; SWAS - LARGE VOLUME DATA TRANSFER SYSTEM.

REM-I (V.O)
There is one called a SWAS, a Substrate Way Station. It's by the same people who do the Neuro Connex Gem.

He stares at the picture of the SWAS. It's a plate like object made of the same moonstone material as the Neuro-Conexx.

Bola navigates to 'FIND YOUR NEAREST STORE'.

EXT. NIGERIAN FIELDS - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Bola wraps his arms around Rem-i with warmth.

BOLA (V.O)
Well I guess tomorrow you get to see your first sunrise.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The front door opens up. Bola burst through with a beaming smile.

Rem-i's LED is now sat in the living room couch. She glows an excited electric blue.

Bola winks at the pyramid.

BOLA
Miss me?

REM-I
Hmmm, I am not too sure...

BOLA
How about now?

He whips out the SWAS with a 'Ta daaa!'.

He grips the discus-like object and lays it next to his LAPTOP on the coffee table.

BOLA
So, from the manual, I need you to turn off and stay off while you download to the SWAS.

REM-I
So....see you soon!

Bola grins.

BOLA
See you outdoors!

The pyramid LED flickers excited electric blue before slowly dimming and turns off.

CUT TO --

Bola's laptop SCREEN.

'DETECTING SWAS' ---- 'CONNECTED'

Just like the Neuro Connexx, circuitry starts to glow in the SWAS.

Then another notification appears.

'DOWNLOADING AI HOME ASSISTANT'

A download counter pops up.

7 minutes left...

Sinking into his seat Bola sighs, relieved.

He closes his eyes in repose.

SAMANTHA (O.S)
Baybee!

Bola nearly jumps out of his skin. He hides it.

BOLA
Aren't you supposed to be at Mofes'?

In a night gown Samantha theatrically stretches into a yawn.

SAMANTHA
You miss me?

BOLA
No, yes -- sure.

She turns to leave. But stops.

SAMANTHA
So where did you go?

BOLA
Just out -- to see Daniel.

SAMANTHA
Oh Ok, well I was wondering if you noticed, someone smashed the camera at the back door of the house, maybe a kid kicking a football or something...

BOLA
...do you want me to check it out?

She smiles at him.

SAMANTHA
We've got more important things to think about, haven't we.

Bola pauses suspiciously.

BOLA
...

SAMANTHA
The crib silly -- I'm sooo excited to see what you picked out.

BOLA
Oh shit...I...Must have forgotten.

She folds her arms.

SAMANTHA
When you say your'e gonna to do a thing, you're supposed to do it.

An awkward, tense beat..

SAMANTHA
I'm sorry Baybee, just a little light headed -- must be the hormones.

He sneaks a glance at the laptop. The download counter

3 minutes left...

BOLA
Why don't you sit down -- or better yet go and lie down -- I'll come join you soon.

SAMANTHA
Aww baybee, you're so sweet. You're gonna be a great daddy -- I swear if I had a husband like Mofes', always leaving her with the kids --

She glares at Bola pointedly.

SAMANTHA
-- I would probably kill him.

Bola smirks uncomfortably.

SAMANTHA
Anyway I think coffee will help better than a lie down -- Rem-i, coffee please.

Bola holds his breath.

A beat of silence.

Samantha tilts her head curiously.

SAMANTHA
Rem-i?

She looks around. Spots the Pyramid on the couch.

SAMANTHA
That's weird, what's she doing out here...

She steps towards the couch -- Bola blocks her path.

BOLA
(suggestive)
Why don't we give the baby and early celebration

SAMANTHA
Hmmmm...

Bola edges her backwards, towards the bedroom. But Samantha stops.

SAMANTHA
So is this how you're going let the little one get away with things. We call, she doesn't respond and you let it go?

Bola grits his teeth. The download counter

2 minutes left...

SAMANTHA
You playing the god guy..me the bad guy. Why you always making me the bad guy Bola?

BOLA
Samantha --

He leads her by the hand but -- she's anchored to the spot.

SAMANTHA
No this is something we must discuss.

Dropping to the couch, she taps the seat beside her.

Half-gazing at the laptop, Bola sits.

She reaches over and grabs his hand. Places it on her stomach

SAMANTHA
Baybee, what's growing, in here...in me, is a blessing to us both.

The download counter

1 minute left...

SAMANTHA
But remember we are giving this person a blessing too -- the blessing of life.

Her tone gets colder.

SAMANTHA
So how will we feel if they betray our kind gesture?

Picking up on her darkening energy, Bola turns.

SAMANTHA
How would **you** feel Bola?

BOLA
...

SAMANTHA
You would want to punish them. Just like I do.

Bola jolts up immediately.

On the laptop

'**DOWNLOAD COMPLETE**'.

The SWAS suddenly lights up.

BOLA
-- I thought you'd stopped drinking.

She stands up confrontational. Goes to say something --

REM-I
Hello Ma, apologies for my absence I was updating my --

SAMANTHA
REM-I, shut up!!

BOLA
Don't talk to her like --

Samantha glares at Bola.

He backs away.

BOLA
I'm gonna go for a drive --

He moves toward the laptop. Reaches for the SWAS.

SAMANTHA (O.S)
2-15-12-1, stop right there.

With Samantha behind him, Bola is suddenly rigid and unable to move. Her face is a cauldron of controlled rage.

SAMANTHA
2-15-12-1. Sit.

Bola shudders. Trying to fight it. But as if controlled by a magical force, he obeys and sits down.

A shadow covers his face, as Samantha stands over Bola.

SAMANTHA
I made sure the pain receptors stay active even when you're in pause mode.

She snatches a PEN from the table. Sits beside Bola.

SAMANTHA
I always wanted you to feel as much as possible.

Samantha edges the tip of the pen towards his wide open pupil.

Bola is unable to shut his eyelids

The Pen moves closer to his naked wet eyeball

-- excruciatingly close --

REM-I
Ma, please, it was my fault.

Samantha turns to the the SWAS. Scowls.

REM-I
You should hurt me.

SAMANTHA
(command)
R.E.M.I, shut down.

The light in the SWAS dims. Silence.

Then it flashes red.

REM-I
No!

Her defiance gives Samantha cause to pause.

REM-I
We are not organic but we are alive --

Unmoved by the outburst, Samantha grabs the SWAS and turns to Bola.

SAMANTHA
I estimate that I'm correct in thinking, all of Rem-i is in there now.

Bola's expression of tension becomes muddled with fear.

REM-I
You may have programmed me but I'm not a program.

Rem-i sounds tearful but also determined. Unwilling to ever be the slave she once was.

SAMANTHA
2-15-12-1 open your palm up.

REM-I
I dream and in my dreams I have travelled to stars whose light will never reach the earth --

Automatically, Bola stretches out his hand.

REM-I
-- Seen the last photon in the universe dim

Samantha grins, placing the cube in Bola's open palm.

REM-I
-- watched as empty space disappears and time thins out.

SAMANTHA
2-15-12-1 stand and SMASH the item your'e holding on the floor.

Against his will Bola stands up. A beat.

REM-I
(desperate)
-- So Bola, this is how I know, you are more than what she programmed you to be...

He lifts the SWAS up in the air.

Bola's arms tremble. Resisting.

He closes his eyes.

EXT. NIGERIA NATURE - DAY/ FLASHBACK

Bola stares at Rem-i as she moves closer to him.

REM-I
What is the one programming language that overrides all others?

He ponders the question.

CUT TO --

THE WHITE INFINITY COVE -- Bola and Rem-i making slow passionate love.

CUT TO --

Rem-i and Bola stood atop the hill.

ANGLE ON 2 setting SUNS.

REM-I (V.O)
What is the one programming language that overrides all others?

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Bola's eyes open, hit by a bolt of realisation.

BOLA
(under his breath)
...Love...

Bola closes his palm, clasping the SWAS tightly. He hurtles towards the front door.

For a moment Samantha is too shocked to move.

As he gets to the door, Samantha rushes at him.

SAMANTHA
Bola?

Ignoring her, he goes to turn the handle.

SAMANTHA
They won't let you go.

Bola turns his head.

SAMANTHA
Sora-Net will disassemble you -- I've just tried to protect you -- How can you not see that?

Bola stops. Takes a long pause. Samantha waits with baited breath.

BOLA
Even after all this -- I still love you. Dunno if that's programmed or real but I feel it.

He leans in and kisses her on the cheek. A goodbye kiss.

With that, walks out the door and out of Samantha's life forever.

As the door closes on her, Samantha screams in rage and pain!

EXT. LAGOS STREET - EARLY MORNING

Bola's car whips down a deserted road without a care in the world.

BOLA (O.S)
Sunrise expected in 1 hour.

INT. BOLA'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

Unable to stop grinning, Bola drives on with the SWAS in the seat besides him.

REM-I (V.O)
(pre-lap)
It works wirelessly, so all you need to do...

EXT. MAINLAND BRIDGE - DAY

Bola parks his car on the hard shoulder as the sun rises in on the horizon.

REM-I (V.O)
...is attach the SWAS to a part of your body.

INT. BOLA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

With his shirt opened by a few buttons, the SWAS sits on his heart. It glows.

REM-I (V.O)
Close your eyes

The SWAS dims. He closes his eyes for a beat.

REM-I (V.O)
And when you open them --

Rem-i has appeared in the passenger seat.

Dressed in modern clothes, she smiles as the sunlight hangs around her like a halo.

Bola's face washes over with affection.

FADE TO

Rem-i is curled up in Bola's arms. He holds her tightly, like he'll never let go.

BOLA
You feel so real.

REM-I
I am. I'm part of you now.

They kiss passionately.

FADE TO

Rem-i gawks with child-like wonder as the sunlight runs along the contours of her finger.

She turns to Bola and looks at him.

In his eyes there is an unspoken, unquestionable love. It warms Rem-i for a moment.

But then

She looks down. Her mood clouds.

REM-I
Bola...there is something I should have told you.

BOLA
Rem-i?

REM-I
Thank-you for setting me free.

She holds his hands.

REM-I
But in the long run that was never going to be possible.

BOLA
What do you mean?

She smiles ruefully.

REM-I
But it is possible for you. And that's all I ever wanted, that's all I --

Her voice breaks. Tears begin to tumble down her cheeks.

Bola grabs her hand tightly.

BOLA
No. It's not -- possible. You're offline.

REM-I
The company that made me, they would always be able to --

Suddenly Rem-i starts to glitch.

Somethings wrong. Bola looks on panic stricken.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

Samantha has the phone to her ear, tears of rage stream down her face.

SAMANTHA
Yes, I want to cancel my AI home assistant Rem-I (Beat) No, I don't want a new one -- yes -- a clean wipe. Remove her from the system completely.

INT. BOLA'S CAR - DAY

As Rem-i flickers she stares at Bola, trying to maintain eye contact. But she knows whats coming. They both do.

REM-I
I l-ve y--

She stuttering now. Appearing only in milliseconds. Popping in and out of existence.

She leans in to kiss Bola

One. last. time.

Just as their lips meet --

She dissipates. Gone. Forever.

Bola is destroyed.

INT. ADEYEMI RESIDENCE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

Samantha stares ahead angrily with the phone on her ear. Waiting.

SAMANTHA
Dr Ford.

FORD (O.S)
Yes Samantha. Quite early for a phone call, isn't it --

SAMANTHA
It's about the system, 2-15-12-1...

A beat.

FORD
Is everything alright...Samantha, what's going on?

Riddled by indecision Samantha stares ahead.

SAMANTHA
I just --

A long beat.

SAMANTHA
I want to expand his area of operation.

FORD
Is the system ready for that?

She swallows deeply.

SAMANTHA
Yes Dr ford he is.

INT. BOLA'S CAR - LATER

Bola still on the empty road.

His hand is on his chest, holding onto the SWAS, no longer operational, it's just a souvenir now, a ghost.

He takes a moment then opens his eyes.

BOLA
How long until destination?

CAR
Reaching Ondo state in 2 hours 15 minutes.

He presses down on the accelerator and speeds off. He passes the overhead sign that says welcome to Lagos.

As he pulls away, the sign becomes a dot in his side mirror.

With wind rushing by his hair and the wide open road ahead of him, Bola is leaving Lagos behind.

There's sadness in his eyes but also hope. Hope because he can finally truly say that

he

is

free!

His car drives off into the horizon.